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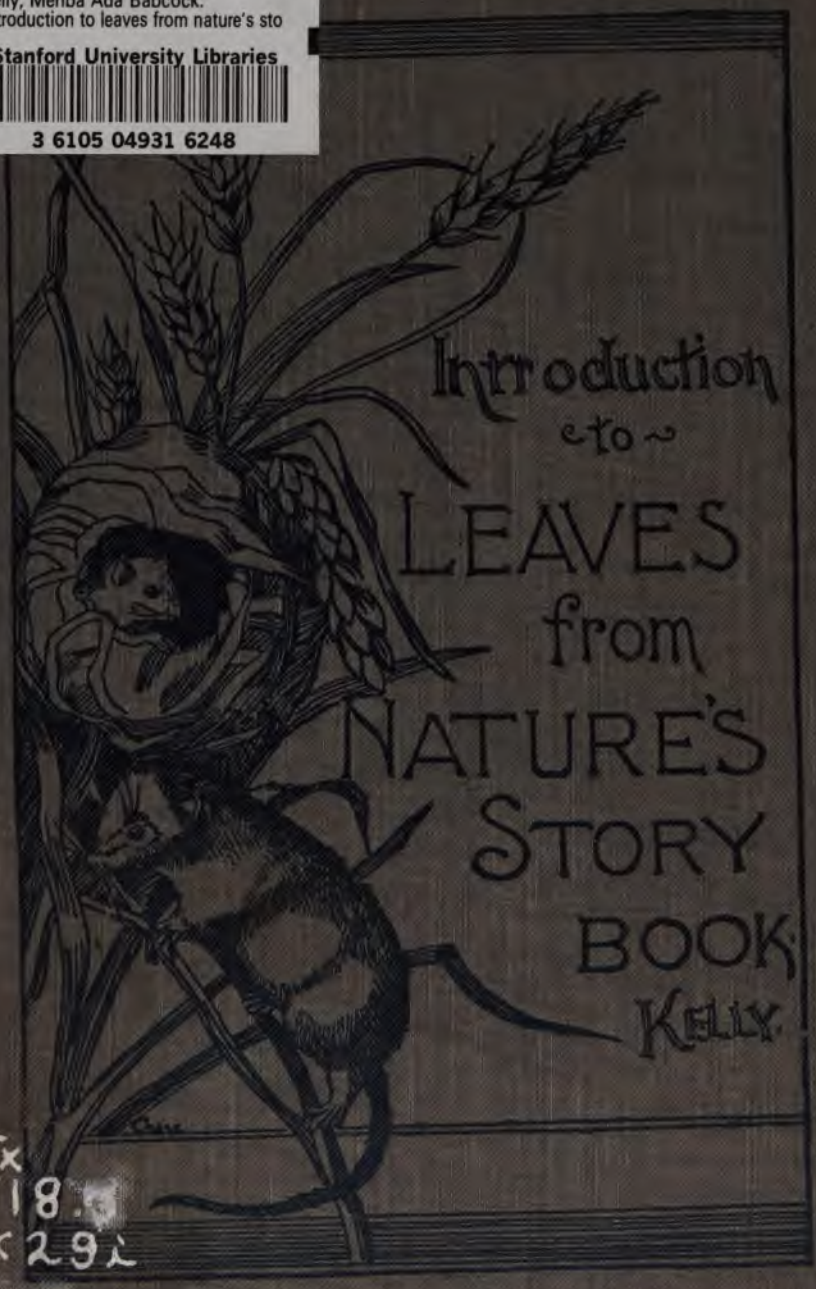
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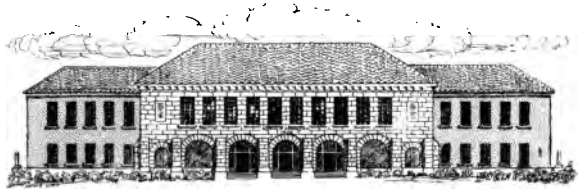
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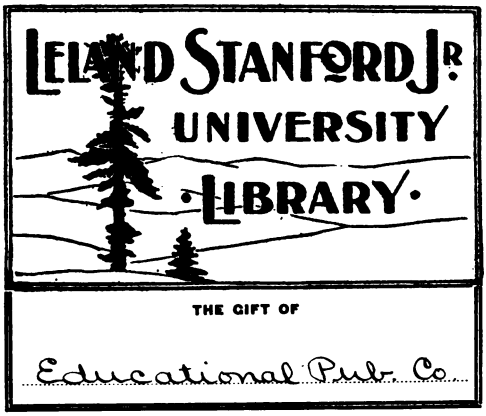
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INTRODUCTION

TO

LEAVES FROM

NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.

FOR

Kindergarten and Primary Classes.

BY

MRS. M. A. B. KELLY,

State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

Author of "A Volume of Poems," Etc.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Even a little child may pick up a stone, an insect or a leaf and learn therefrom a wholesome lesson.

But who knows better than the teacher, how much of interest and of delight may be imparted to the childish mind by a timely hint?

Indeed, the garden, the way-side, and even the waste fields may become an enchanted fairy-land, if the teacher but wills to make it so.

The very simple lessons presented in this little volume are intended merely as an introduction to the series — "Leaves from Nature's Story-Book," already in the teacher's hands.

The exercises are graded as far as possible, so as to bring before the eye of the child a new word or two as he advances.

A list of words, for development on the board, has been placed at the head of each lesson; but as this list may not include every word over which the child may stumble, the teacher is expected to exercise her own judgment in the matter.

The subjects herein treated concern the common objects met with every day: and it is hoped, that as far as possible, the object itself may be used in connection with the lesson.

Where this cannot be done, the pictures may sometimes answer as a substitute.

With a little encouragement, however, the children themselves will make a collection of specimens adequate to meet the occasion; and real objects are always to be preferred to substitutes, when presenting subjects in Natural History

This introductory volume has been written in response to repeated calls from teachers who have become interested in the preceding series; and who are anxious for an elementary work that shall suit the very lowest grade.

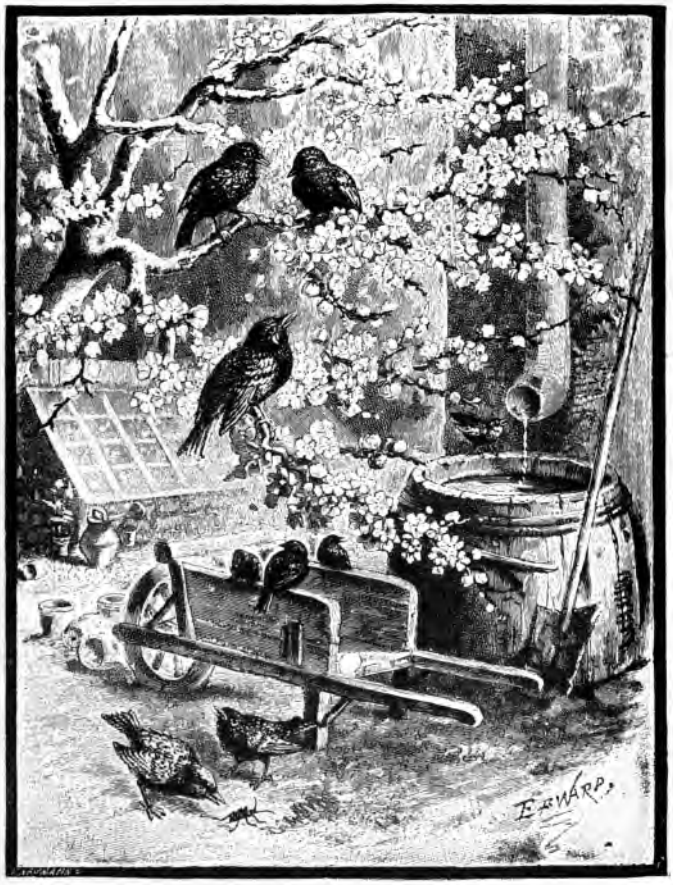
That this little book may meet the demand, and that it will be as kindly received as the three volumes which have preceded it, is the sincere wish of

72577

THE AUTHOR.

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E. EDWARDS

LEAVES FROM NATURE'S STORY-BOOK.



right	near	chalk
name	door	piece
grew	leaves	talk
bush	school	petal

THE RIGHT NAME.

When Ann came in from play, she had a rose in her hand.

It was a white rose that

grew on a bush near the door.

She put the rose in her hair.

"See its pink leaves," she said.

"These are not leaves, my child," said I.

"The leaves of the rose are green."

"See! here they are; can you count them?"

Ann said, "Yes. There are one—two—three—four—five."

"But what do you call these pink leaves?"

Ann and I were both at school; so I took a piece of chalk and wrote on the board this word: "Pet-al."

"That is a hard word," said she.

"Yes, but it is the right word; and we may as well learn, at first, to call things by their right names.

So now Ann can talk of pet-als just as well as she can talk of leaves.



brought	looked	flown
very	beetle	closed
flower	speak	dirty
garden	asked	yellow

BEETLE OR BUG?

To-day Ann brought me a red rose.

It was very sweet.

It grew in her flower garden.

"Look! Here is a bug in the petals of this rose," said she.

I looked at the flower.

It is not a bug at all.

"What is it then?"

I took a piece of chalk, and wrote on the board the word, "Beetle."

Ann did not find this word so hard to speak.

"Why is a beetle not a bug?" she asked.

Beetles have jaws; they can chew their food.

This is a rose-beetle; it chews the petals of the flower.

Look at its pale, green head.

And see what long legs it has.

"There!" cried Ann, "It has flown away."

Yes, it has four wings; but you did not see them; for they were closed.

The wings are of a dirty yellow color; and when they are closed they hide the body of the beetle.

Now you will know it, if you see it again.

"Do you like it?"

No, I do not like it; for it kills the pretty flower.

"Please tell me more about the bugs."

Wait a day or two; it may be you will find one; then I will tell you more.

This beetle is often called a rose-bug; but that is not the right name.

You and I will learn to call things by their right names.



another	smell	slender
beak	again	queer
juice	body	shaped
squash	brown	wings

BUG OR BEETLE?

Now Ann has brought me a large, green leaf.

She found it in the garden.

"I have another beetle" she says.

Let me see it. Ah, now you have a bug!

"Has this bug jaws?"

No, it does not need jaws.

The mouth of a bug is a kind of tube that ends in a beak; with this beak they make a little hole in a leaf or vine, and suck the juice.

Here you have the leaf of a squash vine.

Bugs of this sort will soon kill the vine.

"Ah! what a bad smell."

Yes, most bugs give out a bad smell.

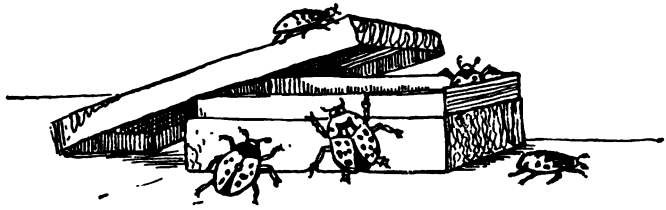
Look at it, so you will know it if you see it again.

Its body is of a dark brown color.

It has six slender legs.

"And what queer-shaped wings" says Ann; "they are not at all like the beetle wings; now I see why a bug is not a beetle."





enemy	lady	really
spotted	sometimes	laugh
friend	neither	funny
bright	always	homeward

A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY?

"I have this box full of little spotted beetles" said Ann.

"I know a beetle from a bug now; but both bugs and beetles eat the plants.

"So when you have

looked at these, I will kill them, every one."

Not so, my little Ann.

This kind of beetle is a friend of ours; and I wish we had more of them.

Ann's face grew bright.

"I am glad you like them," said she; "for they are so pretty. What is the name of this kind?"

They are called Lady Birds and sometimes Lady Bugs.

"But they are not bugs, neither are they birds."

That is true; it is always best to call things by their right names; those are really Lady Beetles.

"What do these ladies eat?"

You will laugh when I tell you. They feed on bugs!

"That is funny, that a beetle should eat a bug!

"Well, they are our friends, as you say; and I shall be good to them."

See what pretty wings.

"I do not see any wings."

It is because they are folded now; so that you see only a small red body, spotted with black.

"There she goes! now I see her wings.

"And see, the others are all flying away with her; there is not one left in the box."

Here is a little verse for you to learn:—

"Oh lady bird, lady bird,
homeward now turn,
Your house is on fire, your
babies will burn."



dinner	causes	covered
fruit	friends	cluster
spread	platter	hatch
suppose	yellow	mother

A LADY'S DINNER.

The Lady Beetles flew away to a fruit-tree near by.

They were in search of something good to eat; and they soon found it.

It was all spread out on a large green leaf.

So here was their dinner-plate set for them!

And what do you suppose they had for dinner?

You could never guess.

Have you ever seen a mite of a green bug on your house-plants?

This bug is called a plant-louse.

It sucks the juice of the plant, and causes it to die.

Now these green plant-lice are just what our Lady friends like to eat.

So they had a good meal; for their green platter was full of them.

The Lady beetle lays some small yellow eggs.

You will say, with me, that she is very wise, when I tell you where she lays them.

She finds a large green leaf, that is covered with plant-lice; and there she lays a cluster of eggs.

She knows that when her babies hatch out, they will

have all the plant-lice that they want to eat.

Her babies do not look like her.

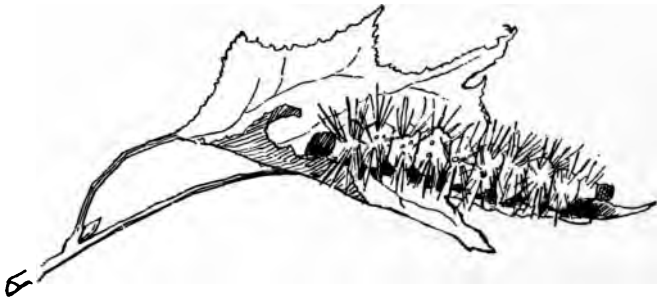
They are not so pretty as she is.

They are small, flat grubs, of a blue-black color.

They have six legs; and their bodies are spotted with red, or yellow.

But they are babies only a few weeks.

Then they change to small, spotted beetles like their mother.



learned	caterpillar	rolled
living	Isabella	unrolled
yesterday	touched	because
wooly	pencil	ready

IS IT A WORM?

Ann soon learned to go about with sharp eyes.

Every day she found something new.

She was a wise little girl,

too; for she did not scream at every living thing that crossed her path.

Yesterday she said to me, "What do you think I have found? Such a queer, wooly worm!"

That is not a worm, my child.

"Not a worm? Why it creeps along the ground just like a worm. What is it then?"

Again I went to the board, and wrote the word "caterpillar."

Ah, that was a long word; and she had to try two or three times before she could speak it well.

"See its pretty fur" said she.

Yes; and it has a pretty name, too.

"What is it called?"

The Isabella moth.

"Then I will call it Miss Isabella!"

Ann touched the caterpillar with her pencil, and it rolled itself up like a ball.

Very soon it unrolled again, and began to creep about.

It was a pretty thing.

The short, stiff hairs of its body looked like thick fur.

Its color was of a tan-red hue; but each end of its body was black.

Ann looked at it a little while.

"Why is it not a worm?" she asked.

Because it will not always keep this form.

Some day it will go to sleep; and when it wakes up, it will have wings.

"I wish it would go to sleep now," said she.

It is not ready yet; it must eat some more green leaves.

We may see it again next spring; then it will have wings; and I will tell you more about its long sleep.



runaway	quite	snout
many	something	nibble
leave	bought	without
nearly	place	delay
silly	caught	alive

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

One day a baby mouse took it into his head to run away from home.

"There are three of us in one nest," said he; "and

that is too many for so small a place.

"So I will creep away where no one can find me; and that will leave more room for the rest.

"I am a big mouse now. I have nearly all my fur; and my tail is quite long too.

"I will not wait till night. I will go in the day time; then I shall be sure to find something nice to eat."

So away he sped.

"Ah, what is that? It smells like cheese. My mother brought home a small piece of cheese last night.

"But it was so very small that I had only a bite; now here is a big piece; and I will eat it all myself."

Then he crept softly along, till he came close to the cheese.

Down went his wee bit of a snout, and he began to nibble without delay.

"Click!" What was that? "Squeak! Squeak!"

Ah, you silly baby-mouse. It is of no use to squeak.

You are caught, and held fast in a strong trap.

You will never get out alive. Now are you not sorry that you ran away from home?





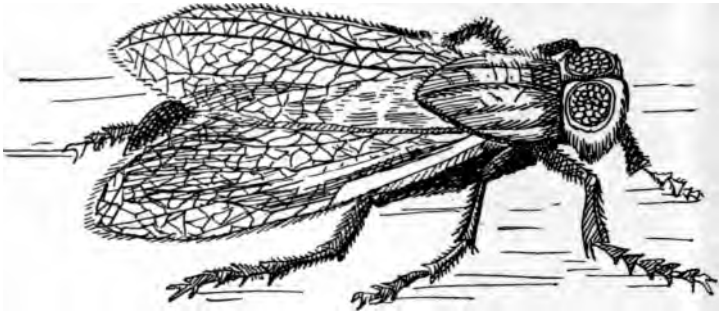
nimble	whistle	asking
shaggy	bounding	something
raises	smooth	tongue

NIMBLE JACK.

I have a little shaggy dog,
I call him Nimble Jack;
And when he's lost, I whistle,—so,—
Till he comes bounding back.

His tongue is smooth, he licks my hand,
Then lifts his pretty feet;
It is his way of asking me
For something good to eat.





everything	looked	stopped
myself	walked	eating
darted	clothed	rubbed
tongue	against	selfish

A BIG WORLD.

"What a big world this is!" said a little fly, as she flew in at the door, and lit on a small pane of glass. "I am so glad that I came

here; for now I can have everything in this great world, all to myself.

"I will feed on all the good things that I see."

Just then two other flies darted in and lit on the same pane. Then two more came, and so on, till the glass was quite dark with them.

"Now this world is too small," said the little fly.

"It cannot feed so many of us; I will go where I can

have all the good things alone; for I like a big world."

So she flew away, and lit on a small glass plate. On this plate was some sweet food.

"Ah, this is just what I want," said she.

Then she looked all around, to see that no one was near.

This little fly could see a long way off; for she had more eyes than you can *count.*

There were two large brown spots on each side of her head. These spots were full of eyes.

Then she had three bright little eyes right on the top of her head.

She was a pretty fly; she had two wings that looked like gauze; and she walked on six tiny legs that were clothed with hairs.

These hairs were very fine; but if you looked at them through a round

glass, called a lens, they would have seemed quite coarse.

Very soon she began to eat the sweets on the plate.

Did she chew her food?

O no; for she had no teeth.

Flies eat with the tongue; it is like a tube; and with this small tongue they suck their food.

But pretty soon she stopped eating, and rubbed her feet against her wings.

Then she tried to fly away; but her wings would not bear her up.

Then she fell down on the plate, quite dead.

Ah, poor, selfish little fly; you had your sweet crumb, all to yourself.

But it was not such a fine thing, after all.

A white dust was spread on that plate, and it was set there for you to eat.

It is a kind of dust that is used to kill flies; so your

mates are well off that they did not share it with you.

You were too selfish to live with others. So you had to die all alone.





weasel	croaked	rustle
flurry	stretched	turned
yellow	pecked	sneaked
meal	licked	haystack
ruffled	peering	scared

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The little brown hen sat on her nest.

There were ten eggs in it,

and she had been sitting on those eggs a long time.

She would hardly get off her nest to eat.

"If I let my eggs get too cold," she croaked, "the chicks inside will die."

One day the boy, who did the chores around the farm, heard the little brown hen croak in a very sharp tone.

So he ran to the yard to see what was the matter.

There stood "Little Brownie," as he called her,

with wings spread, and feathers all ruffled up.

"What now?" said the boy.

A little rustle in the bushes behind him caused him to look around.

There, with his sleek, long neck stretched out, was a large red weasel, peering at him with his sharp eyes.

Did you ever see a red weasel?

He has a long slender

body covered with reddish-brown hairs; his head is long and narrow.

His ears are round, and thin; and he can run very fast.

He can climb trees, too, and he knows where the birds make their nests.

Ah, he is a sly thief; and the poor birds have found it out.

Even the great black rats are afraid of him.

No wonder the poor hen was scared.

She had seen this sly thief before.

When he saw the boy, he ran away to the woods.

In a few days the chicks inside the eggs began to peck at the shells; they had been shut in there long enough.

The egg shells were made of lime and they were hard.

Is it not strange that the mother hen should have hard, white lime inside her body?

This lime was made from her food.

At last the little chicks came out.



And very proud of them was the mother hen.

She watched them with great care; and each one came at her "cluck, cluck."

Her chicks looked like fluffy, yellow balls.

Near the coop was a plate of wet meal.

This is the sort of food that little chicks like best.

So they all pecked at it with their small bills.

Then they took a drink from another dish.

At every sip they held up their heads in a very funny way.

Pretty soon a sly cat crept along the fence.

"Ah, there are some young birds," said she. "I must have one, right away."

Then she licked her jaws with her rough tongue.

"What a nice meal it will make," she said.

"I have tried all day to catch that bird in the tree.

"But it cries 'Cheat — cheat!' and flies away.

"Now these birds have such small wings, that they can not fly.

"So I will creep along very slow, and —"

"Cluck! cluck!" called the hen; and quick as a flash every little yellow ball ran into the coop.

"Me-ow" cried the cat; for just at that moment, a big stone hit her on the head.

"Now let the old hen and her brood alone, will you?" said the chore boy, and he threw another stone after her.

Was not he a friend in need?

It was a long time before the hen and her chicks came back to their food.

And then the old hen came first, and turned her head from side to side to be sure that the sly thief had gone.

But she was nowhere to be seen; for she had sneaked away; and she had to make her meal that day of a small field mouse that she found in a haystack.



cricket	trimmed	blotched
brownish	build	homely
yellow	purple	bob-o-link
finest	stained	music

A HIDDEN HOME.

One day, Grace and Rose went out to gather daisies.

The fields were white with them; and the girls soon had their baskets full.

On the way home they

passed through a field that looked very brown and bare.

"What a dry, stony place," said Rose; "our white daisies would not live in such a dull spot as this!"

"But there are some things that like to live here," replied Grace.

"I just saw a white cricket come out from under that stone,—and see, he has gone back again; it is his home.

"And did you not see that bird rise up from the ground just now? There she is again!"

"Ah, yes, I see her now," answered Rose.

"Her back is of a brownish-black; and the under part of her body is of a dull yellow.

"She is not a pretty bird, is she?"

"No, but see there! That is a pretty one, it must be her mate!"

"Yes, I have read in books, that male birds do nothing but sing all day; and they always wear the finest clothes!"



BOBOLINK.

"This one has a fine black coat trimmed with white."

"But male birds do something more than sing," said

her sister; "for I have seen them help build the nests."

"And they often bring food to their mates; and food for the young ones, too.

"Let us sit here and watch them."

But the birds soon flew away; and then the girls began to search for the nest.

It was a long time before they found it, and no wonder; for it was made of dry grass, and was set very low in the ground.

In the nest were five eggs; these eggs were not quite white.

They had a purple tinge; and the large end of each one was spotted with brown.

Then, too, they looked as if they had been stained here and there with a purple dye; they were blotched with purple stains.

Now this homely nest, hidden away in the grass, was built by a bob-o-link and her mate.

Have you ever heard this song?

"Bob-o-link, — bob-o-link, spink—spank—spink!"

This bird sings such a merry tune, that he almost laughs at his own music.

He is quite noisy, too; and I think you will be sure to know him next spring, when you hear his loud notes in the tree-tops.

He will be so glad to get back to the open fields again that he will sing his very best songs for you.



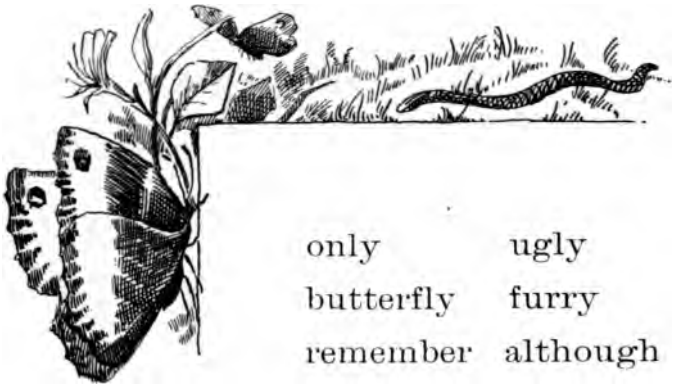
shadows	golden	shady
meadows	flowers	bowers
grassy	better	friendly

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

I love to watch the shadows
That play o'er hill and plain;
I love the grassy meadows
The fields of golden grain;

I love the birds and flowers,
But better far than these,
I love the shady bowers
Of friendly forest trees.





	only	ugly
	butterfly	furry
	remember	although
earthworm	changed	crawling
mistress	creature	spurned
yourself	always	hungry

ONLY A WORM.

"Oh, see that gay butterfly!" said Ann.

"It has lit twice, close to that earthworm in the path.

"But it does not like the worm; for it flies away from it, each time.

"You need not be so proud, Mistress Butterfly; for you were once a worm yourself."

Not so, my little friend.

Do you remember the furry caterpillar?

"Do you mean the one that changed to a moth?"

Yes,—the very same.

You called her "Miss Isabella."

Well, this butterfly had once a worm-like form.

It was not so furry as the

Isabella's; but it was like a worm.

After a time, it changed its form, and became what you see here, now,—a gay creature with wings.

"But will not the earth-worm have wings, too, some day?"

No;—a worm never changes its form; it must always be a worm.

But although it is an ugly, crawling thing, it is not to be spurned.

It does no harm; for it eats very little that is of use to us.

As it creeps about under the earth, it turns up the soil around the roots of vines and other plants.

In this way they get the sun and the air, and it makes them grow.

So the earthworm does us good.

But the hungry babies of the gay butterfly eat the roots and leaves of our

plants, and cause them to die.

"Then this poor thing is our friend, after all," said Ann, "even if it is only a worm."





dewdrop	questioned	almost
sparkled	thirsty	ready
whispered	patter	raindrop
calling	bowed	toward

A DEWDROP.

There it lay in the heart of a rose.

It was only a small drop of dew; and yet it shone

and sparkled like a real gem.

"Do not leave me," whispered the rose, "I am dying of thirst; do stay with me always."

"I can not do that" answered the dewdrop; "for the sun is already calling me back to the sky."

"And what will you do there?" questioned the rose.

"I will tell the big black clouds how thirsty you are.

"Then they will send me,

and ever so many with me, down to the earth.

"And when you hear us patter, patter around your home, you will be very glad that I went away."

So the rose bowed her head.

And all day long the hot rays of the sun fell upon her form, till she was almost ready to faint.

But when night came on, she felt a soft, cool raindrop fall upon her cheek.

Then another, and another, till pretty soon they played all about her feet.

"It is the dewdrop and its friends," said she.

And the next morning she lifted her sweet face toward the sky, and said, "Thank you, little dewdrop; you did not forget me, did you?

"I wonder if you will ever come again?"



house	lined	crumbs
wren	stained	hatch
found	young	makes

THE HOUSE-WREN.

Jane found an old hat in the yard.

What do you think was in it?

A nest full of small eggs!

This nest was made by a house-wren.

She lined her nest with soft wool.

There were six eggs in it.

They were not quite white; for they were stained a little with red.

Jane did not move the hat; for she said, "It is the bird's home.

"She has made her nest here; and she has a right to it.

"Soon the eggs will

hatch; and then I will watch for the young birds."

The house-wren is not shy; she will come to your door for crumbs.

But she feeds her young with small worms.

That makes them grow; and when they are strong, they will come to the door and feed on crumbs, too.



violet	friendly	carpet
forest	creeping	velvet

A BLUE VIOLET.

I'm a little blue violet, I
live in the shade,
Far away in the forest,
my bower is made;
There the friendly fern hides
me from wind and from
storm;

There the creeping vines
weave me a carpet so
warm;
There the green, velvet
moss spreads her mat at
my door;
And — now, what can a
happy blue violet ask
more?





named	honey-bee	jacket
replied	buzzing	builds
babies	every	family
itself	almost	knew
winter	yellow	lying

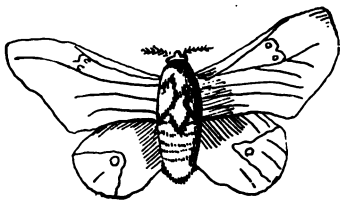
IDLE TOM.

I once knew a young lad named Tom, who did not like his books.

So he ran away from

school and went to the woods.

There he lay down under a tall tree.



He had not been there long before a bright-winged moth flew past.

"Oh, what a pretty thing you are!" said Tom.

"Do come a little nearer, so I can look at your wings."

But the moth did not

give the least heed to his words.

She had to lay some eggs at the foot of a small stem. This stem had its long sweet roots deep in the earth.

The roots were white, and round and fat as a baby's toes.

Pretty soon the little moth came back.

Now that its eggs were laid it did not seem to be in so much haste.

"Tell me, little moth," said the boy, "where you laid your eggs just now?"

"I laid them on that wild grape-vine, close down to the earth," replied the moth.

"And why did you do that?"

"When my babies hatch out, they can creep down into the earth, and feed on the sweet roots of the vine."

"How can they creep into the earth with such thin wings as yours?"

"My babies will have no wings; they will not look like me at all.

"They will look like small worms."

"And what will they do when their food is all gone?"

"They will eat all they want; then each one will make for itself a little house.

"They will build a house of small bits of wood and dirt.

"There they will live all winter."

"And what then?" asked Tom.

"Then they will push open a little door of the house, and creep up out of the earth.

"They will stay on the stem a short time, and then they will spread out four thin wings like mine, and away they will go, as I do now."

And with that she flew

away, and Tom did not see her again.

Pretty soon he saw a long line of ants; they did not look at the boy; but kept right on till they came to a flat stone.

They ran under the stone and were soon out of sight.

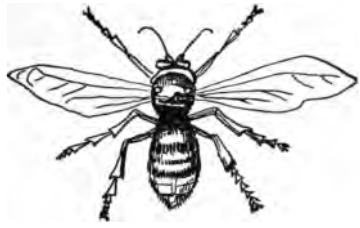
Then a honey-bee came buzzing along.

"B-u-z-z—b-u-z-z" it sang, as it went from flower to flower.

"Strange!" said Tom.

"All these things seem to like to work; but I do not like it; and I mean to run away every day."

Just as he said these words, there was a great noise about his ears; and then a whole swarm of "yellow jackets" flew down from the tree and stung his face and hands till he cried.



WASP.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

cried Tom; but it was of no use; he was almost blind with their stings.

Have you ever seen a yellow wasp? It builds a strong paper house; this house is made fast to the twig of a tree.

It will hold a large family of wasps.

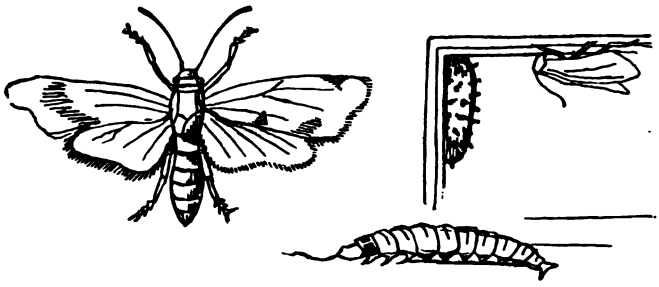
They did not like to see a boy lying there so near their home; so they knew how to drive him away.

Tom reached home at

ıst; and I never heard
ıat he ran away from
:hool again.



WASP'S NEST.



tired	tender	feasted
driven	sixteen	outside
known.	taught	mixed
thicker	inside	purple
dirty	children	sprinkled

STORY OF A BEE-MOTH.

I am called a bee-moth.

Not that I look at all like a bee.

I will tell you why they give me this name.

I was born in a bee-hive; for my mother laid her eggs there.

She flew into the hive one night, when the tired bees were at rest.

They would have driven her out if they had known she was there.

When I came out of the egg, I was not thicker than a thread; and I was a mite of a thing in length.

My body was soft and tender, too; but I had six-

teen legs to help me creep about.

I was very hungry; so I began at once to eat the waxen comb that the bees had made with so much care.

Pretty soon I began to spin; no one taught me how; I learned it all myself. I made myself a long, silken tube.

That was my house; and I made it large, so I could turn round and round in it, and move about, as I liked.

I kept inside my house all through the day; for I knew the bees would sting me to death if they caught sight of me.

But at night, when they could not see me, I stole out and feasted on their nice wax.

As I grew in size, I had to make my house larger; and I covered the outside of it with grains of wax mixed with scraps of my cast-off clothes.

I knew that the bees could not sting me through this thick cover.

In a few weeks I made another house.

This house was in the form of a strong, silken pod; and after a few weeks I burst open this pod and came forth with four wings.

I like my fore-wings the best; for they are of a purple-brown, sprinkled with dark spots.

I am not quite so proud of

my hind-wings; because they are of a dirty white.

But they serve me well; and some night I will steal into a bee-hive and lay my eggs there.

Then my babies can feast on wax, as I did.

Do you know of any other children that like to chew wax?

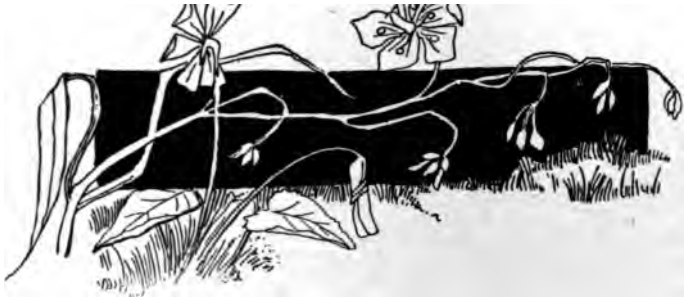
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to

be

and



pushed	field	beauty
peeped	clothed	waken
shyly	striped	sunbeam
tapped	nodded	golden
friendly	unlocked	together

TWO APRIL FRIENDS.

One morning, in early spring, a sweet wood-violet pushed aside the dead leaves at her door and peeped shyly out.

"It must be spring time" she said, "but how very still it is!"

There was not a sound to be heard.

By and by a small field mouse ran along; he stopped, and put his nose down among the dead leaves.

He was in search of some sweet nuts that were hidden there.

"How lonely it seems!" said the violet.

"I wonder if I have come out too soon?"

The mouse may have heard her voice; for he ran away as fast as he could go.

And there, right before her, where he had turned up the dead leaves, stood a pretty flower, clothed in a pink striped dress.

She looked at the little violet in a friendly way, and said, "Good morning, my little friend,—do you not know me?"

"I am the spring beauty that you loved so well last year; but I have had a very long sleep."

"I have had a long sleep, too," answered the other.

"But the raindrops tapped on my roof to waken me; and then a sunbeam came with a golden key and unlocked my door; and so here we are together again; and I am so glad."

And from that day, the wood-violet and the spring

beauty have been the best of friends, and where you find one, you may look for the other.





attic dearest smallest
trifle sucked window
apple sunbeams kidney

FEEDING THE BABIES.

Jane and I were at work in the attic.

Near the attic window, stood an old apple tree.

Jane stood by the window, looking out.

"Oh, come, quick," she cried; "here is the dearest

little nest on the bough of this tree."

I went to the window; but it took some time to find the nest.

It looked like a little moss cup; and it was lined inside with soft down.

There were two white eggs in the nest, about as large as kidney beans, and much of the same shape.

Perhaps they were a trifle larger, but not much.

In a moment more, the

bright wings of a humming bird flashed before our eyes.

Then we knew who built that dainty nest!

We went to the attic, and peeped down at the tiny moss-cup every day.

In about two weeks the eggs were gone; and in their place we saw two of the smallest baby-birds that I had ever seen.

The mother bird flew back and forth as if she felt very proud.

One day we saw her fly to her home; and we watched to see if she had brought the babies a worm.

But she was too wise to do that.

She knew that such wee babies could not eat even the smallest worm.

Ah, she knew just what to do.

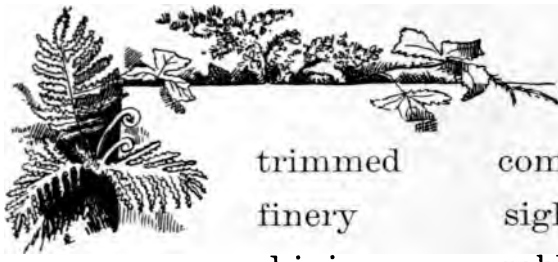
She made the food all soft and moist in her own mouth.

And her babies knew just what to do, too.

For when she opened her slender bill, first one baby-bird, then another, put its mite of a bill into her mouth and sucked its food from her throat!

But it was not long before there was an empty nest.

The baby-birds found wings, bright as sunbeams, like their mother's and away they went.



	trimmed	complaint
	finery	sighed
	shining	robbed
swayed	sadly	plaited
neighbors	showy	dainty
buzzing	gauze-winged	pearly

BE CONTENT.

A little fern grew by the wayside.

She wore a pretty, green dress.

It was trimmed with very fine points; and each

of these points was called a frond.

She had plenty of company, too; but yet she was not happy.

If the sun shone very hot, she hung her head, and sighed.

If the rain fell in large drops, she swayed back and forth, and shook with cold.

"Oh, dear!" she would say, "I do wish that I were anything but a tender, little fern.

"I wish that I were a shining, yellow butter-cup; or a wild aster; or a tall golden-rod; or a plain field-daisy."

Just as she spoke these last words, there came a great gust of wind. Then the rain fell in large drops.

"Dear me!" said the fern. "This will be the death of me, I am sure of it."

By and by, the sun shone out again. The little fern looked all about her. Not

one of her neighbors had uttered a word of complaint. There stood the yellow butter-cup; but her shining, satin bonnet was sadly torn.

The showy, purple gown of the wild aster was lying on the ground; and the poor thing was standing there, stripped of all her finery.

The tall golden-rod had lost her downy yellow plume; and the bright, green ribbons, that she

wore about her waist, had been carried far away, by the wind.

A group of field-daisies that were growing near by, had been robbed of their white, plaited caps; and there they were, with their bare heads bent almost to the earth.

The little fern looked down at her feet.

She found herself standing in a pool of clear water; she liked that; it was just

what she had been wishing for, all day.

She saw that her dainty fronds were wet and rumpled by the rain.

So she gave herself a little shake; and behold, she stood up, fresher and stronger than before.

Just then she heard a buzzing sound over her head. It was a gauze-winged insect, singing a merry song.

This is what he sang:

"A pearly rain-drop washed
my wings.
Do you not see how clear
they are?
A golden sunbeam kissed
my rings
And made them bright as
any star;
Both sun and storm, dear
little fern,
To you and me are kindly
sent,
That we, each day, may
wisely learn
How sweet it is to be
content."

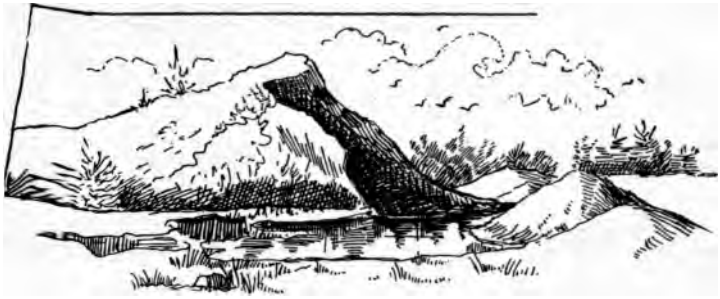


robin	hidden	meadow
squirrel	earthen	smooth

THINGS THAT I KNOW.

I know where the robin has
built her snug house,
I know where the squir-
rel has hidden his store;
I know all the tricks of the
sly meadow-mouse,
I know where the mole
makes her smooth,
earthen floor.

I know when the wake-robin opens her eyes,
I know when the song-birds return on swift wing;
I know — oh, that all the wide world were as wise —
The joy of a new life that comes with the spring.



bother	piled	enough
under	deeper	valleys
shower	higher	ridges
sandy	teacher	seashore
sometimes	summer	either

WHAT THE RAIN CAN DO.

Willie and James went out for a walk.

They had not gone far when it began to rain.

"Oh, bother!" said James,

"It always rains when I want a little fun."

"Let us go under this old shed" said Willie, "and wait till the rain is over."

Pretty soon it poured right down upon the roof of the shed.

But the boys were in a good place.

Not a drop fell on them.

When the shower was over, they came out.

"Oh, look at that sandy hill!" said Willie.

"The rain has worn a deep cleft down its side."

"Yes, and see how the sand is piled up at the foot of the hill!" said James.

"Now when there comes another storm like this, the cleft will grow deeper; and the sand-heap will grow higher.

"That is just what our teacher means when she tells us that even little raindrops are big enough to help make hills and valleys."

"Yes, but they only help do it," said Willie.

"For sometimes the wind blows the sand in heaps.

"And sometimes the waves of the sea wash up the sand in ridges, ever so many, one upon another."

"I saw that done, last summer, when I was down by the seashore."

"Yes, and when these sand-ridges are hard and dry, they get to be solid rock," said James.

"Well, we have seen a hill and a valley and may be a rock, made to-day, and we did not have to go to the seashore either; so I am rather glad that it rained, after all.





grasshopper	leaped	rather
replied	looked	because
answered	longest	peeped
dropped	slyly	inside
spittle	watching	besides

A LEAP TOO FAR.

"What a slow thing you are!" said a grasshopper to a snail.

"Pray did you pass the night in the place where you are now?"

"I passed the night in ny house," replied the nail.

"And is your house made ast to the ground?"

"Oh, no," answered the ther; "my house is made ast to my body, and it goes vhere I go."

"But you do not go," said he grasshopper; "you are ust where I saw you last ıight."

"That can not be," re- lied the snail, "for I

have been half round the world, since then."

"Half round the world!" cried the other. "Pray, what do you call the world?"

"Why, this patch of ground, where we are now," said she.

The grasshopper dropped some thick, brown spittle on the grass, and leaped away.

Pretty soon he came back, and spoke to the snail again.

"Why do you not throw away that house?" said he, "then you can leap about, as I do."

And he leaped right over her roof, to show her how spry he was.

The snail looked at his six long legs; she saw that the hind legs were the longest.

Then he spread out four wings; and away he sailed, round and round.

"You see I can hop, skip,

jump and fly," said he; "and so could you, if you would cast that house off your back."

"I was born in this house," replied the snail; "and I have never been out of it since.

"Besides, I have but one foot, and no wings at all; so I had better stay where I am safe."

"Poor thing!" said the other. "Only one foot; how do you get your food?"

"I scrape it with my tongue, from the soft green things that grow about me."

"Soft, green things!" said the grasshopper. "Why, I eat every green thing that comes in my way; now see me make a leap."

As he spoke, he gave a quick jump, and leaped right into the open jaws of a cat, that had been slyly watching him all the time.

"O-o-o!" said the snail, and she went right into her

house and closed the door with a soft, pink screen.

When she was safe inside, she said, "So much for six legs and four wings. I would rather plod along with one foot.

"If that cat gets me, it will not be because I leap into her jaws."

Then she peeped out at her door; but the grasshopper was nowhere to be seen.



open	burning	tough
picked	body	easily
specked	shining	animals
silver	mica	solid
nothing	layers	study

WITH OPEN EYES.

Two little boys were playing in the sand.

One of them picked up a small stone; it was speckled

all over with something that shone like silver.

"Oh, see what I have found," he cried.

The other looked at it.

"Those bright spots are nothing but specks of glass," said he.

"It cannot be glass," replied the other; "for glass does not grow; and these bright spots grew, just as the stone itself grew."

"May be this is a piece of a star that fell down from the skies," said the first boy.

"Oh, who ever heard of such a thing?" answered the other.

"When a piece of any burning body falls from the sky, it comes down red hot; then when it cools off, it is all black and dull."

"How do you know?"

"Because I found a great big stone, once, that fell down in that way."

The boys took the bright stone to school next day and gave it to their teacher.

"It is not silver," she said, in reply to their questions.

"These shining specks are called mica; they are sometimes found in thin layers, one above another.

"These layers are as thin as very thin paper, and they are strong and tough; so that you may bend them and they will not break easily.

"Here is a leaf of mica on my desk; so you can try it, for yourselves," she said.

"Oh, yes," said one of the boys. "I know it now; we have it in the doors of our coal stove at home."

"You know, too," said the teacher, "that it would take a very hot fire to melt it, do you not?"

Pretty soon one of the boys asked, "Do stones grow?"

"Stones do not grow, not in the same way that plants and animals grow; but sometimes when layers of

sand are piled up, one upon another, they harden, and after a long, long time they form a solid rock."

The boys looked at each other and smiled.

"Willie and I saw a rock *begin* to grow, the other day, when it rained so hard," he said.

Then the boys told her all about the little valley in the side of the hill; and of the sand heap that was made there.

"That sand-heap may grow to be a hill," said the teacher; "but it takes both wind and water sometimes to make the large rocks.

"But I am glad that you take note of these things; for you can learn something every day about stones and rocks and hills.

"And by and by, when you are older you will study books that will teach you how all kinds of rocks are made; and then you

will learn more about this pretty, shining mica, too.

"So, every day, when you walk about the woods and fields be sure to go with open eyes."





sweetest	hungry	blanket
believe	rocked	covered
fretting	snugly	shingles
crying	tucked	beautiful
hanging	patters	blossom

A QUEER LITTLE BABY.

I know where there is just the sweetest wee bit of a baby that you ever did see.

And would you believe

it? It lies all alone by itself in a little brown cradle that hangs from the bough of a tall tree.

And oh, it is such a good baby.

There it lies and sleeps and sleeps, and never wakes up fretting and crying, as most babies do.

To be sure, it never gets hungry; for there is a bottle of food in its cradle, and this baby knows how to feed itself, even when it is fast asleep!

So there it sleeps on, rocked back and forth by the winds, day and night.

But no matter how hard the winds may blow, this baby cannot fall out. It is too snugly tucked in, for that.

You just ought to see its little, soft blanket. It is as warm as wool, and as white as snow.

Then, too, its queer little cradle is all covered over with thin brown scales,

that lap over one another, like the shingles on the roof of a house.

These tiny scales are glued fast, and a shiny pitch is spread all over them, so that not even a rain drop can get inside.

How sound the baby sleeps, while the soft rain patters down on the roof of its little house!

I know the pretty birds must like to sing to the dear little thing; for they

hop all about its wee cradle, and chirp the whole day through.

I wonder if they sing "Rock-a-by baby, upon the tree-top?"

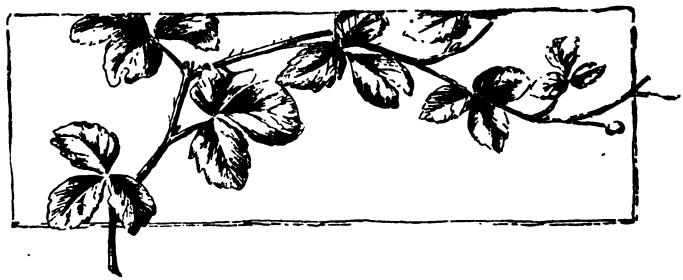
But now I must tell you. This baby is not a real live baby such as you and I have been.

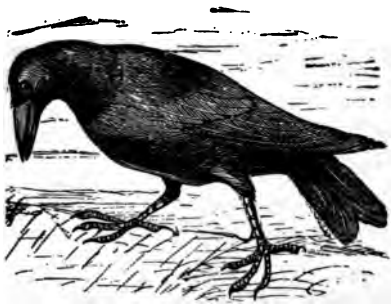
It is a baby-bud; and some day it will open, and become a beautiful, bright blossom.

If you go into the woods,

you will find some trees that are full of these little cradles.

And when you see them hanging on the boughs you will know that there is a baby-bud inside.





cornfield	scare-crow	better
saying	glossy	straight
picked	enough	hopped

THE WISE CROW.

One day a large crow flew over a field of corn.

The corn had not yet come up out of the ground.

It had just begun to

sprout; and the wise crow seemed to know this.

"Caw-caw-caw," he cried. This was his way of saying, "I know all about that cornfield.

"I saw the grains of corn put into the ground.

"They are sweet and soft now; and they will make me a good meal.

"I would like some soft, ripe fruit to eat; and I would like some bird's eggs, too; but I cannot find them.

"Now here is a field of corn; and I have a right to it; for if it had not been for me, the grubs and the rats and the mice would have had it all, long ago.

"I hopped all over that field, and picked up a grub here, and a small rat or mouse there, and made a meal of them.

"Now it is time to have some corn.

"I see that tall man with a gun; and I know him well.

"He has stood there for more than a week.

"His name is Mr. Scarecrow; and that gun will not go off.

"Now see me fly straight down at him."

With that he spread his black, glossy wings for flight.

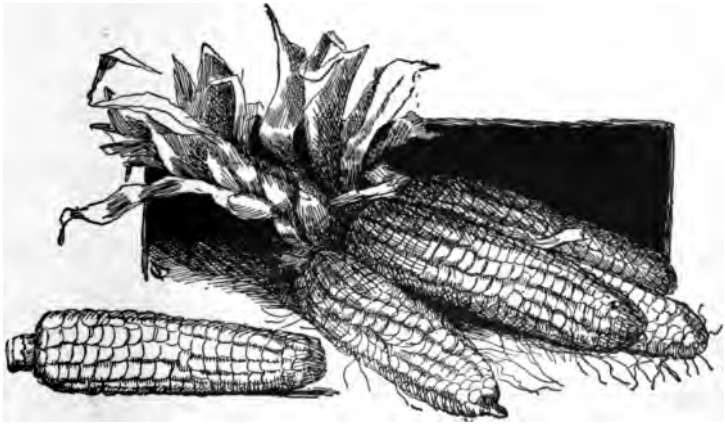
"Pop—pop—pop!" What was that?

Where is the wise crow?

Ah, that gun did go off; and Mr. Scarecrow has the wise bird in his hand!

It is well enough for crows to feast on grubs, and rats and mice.

But the ripe fruit, the bird's eggs, and the corn, they had better leave alone.





	flower-elf	bonnet
	humming	smiling
	ribbon	elfin
satin	silky	shoes

A FLOWER ELF.

Deep in the woods, lives a
fair, flower-elf,
Smiling, she stands all
alone by herself;

Three satin plates form her
bonnet so neat;
Three ribbon bows hide the
shoes on her feet;
Silky, her gown, as a hum-
ming bird's wing;
This elfin flower is the
Child of the Spring.*

* He-pat'-ic-a.





pussy	capered	wrapped
willow	whirled	colored
listened	jolly	puffed
single	started	brooklet
dance	behold	huddle

THE PUSSY WILLOW.

A pussy willow grew on the bank of a little brook.

She had lived there ever since she was a baby; and

now she had babies of her own.

One day, she heard the gruff voice of the North Wind, afar off.

So she stood quite still, and listened.

This is what he said:—

"I must visit the Pussy Willow and her family before long; but I must wait for a sharp, cold night, before I go.

"Then I will sweep over her home, and puff out my

cheeks, and blow, with all my might.

"And when morning comes she will not find a single baby-bud on her boughs. Won't that be fun?"

And with that, he danced and capered about, and whirled himself round and round.

And at last he grew so very jolly that he sent a thick cloud of dead leaves and broken twigs all along his path.

Not many days after this, he started for the home of the Pussy Willow.



But behold! He found every baby-bud wrapped in a mantle of mouse-colored fur that was as soft as silk.

And this was not all; for over each little mantle, there was spread an overcoat of thick, brown waterproof.

Now when the North

Wind saw what the mother Willow had done, you may be sure that he danced and howled with rage.

Then he blew and blew, and puffed and puffed, till he nearly split his cheeks.

But it was of no use, at all; for he could not so much as touch one of the baby buds with his cold breath.

And there stands the Pussy Willow and her family now. So, if you

will take a walk along the banks of the little stream where she lives, you will see them all.

You will see, too, that her babies are well wrapped up in a mantle of thick fur.

Any day in the early spring-time, you will find the family at home.

You will see that they are very busy, too, pushing their long, slender toes farther and farther down into the ground.

In this way they will spread themselves out, all along the shining brooklet, by which they have made their home.

Then when the North Wind comes, they will huddle together in their thick fur wraps, and just laugh at him.

Won't that be fun?

The Pussy Willow's babies are sometimes called catkins.

That is because they look

a little like a cat's tail.





handle	question	laughed
ugly	fastened	enough
because	warty	pulled
wedge	wiped	shiny
answer	buttoned	chance

A LOOK AT A TOAD.

"Don't handle that ugly toad, John," said Lucy to her brother.

"Why not?" asked John.

"Because he will cause you to have warts," she replied.

"Indeed he will not," said John.

"I have handled toads all my life, and you cannot find a wart on my hands, anywhere."

Now all of John's life was not a very long time; for he was only ten years of age.

But he was right; toads do not make your warts; for

the warts on a toad's back, and those on a boy's hands, are not the same things at all.

So you need have no fears of that.

"Come here, and look in his mouth," said John.

Lucy walked very slowly toward her brother, as if she were half afraid.

John had put a small wedge into the toad's mouth, so that Lucy could look right into its open jaws.

"Why, he has no teeth!" said she. "How does he eat?"

"If I should take the wedge out of his mouth, and he should see a fly on the wing, he would soon answer your question," replied John.

"Now look at his tongue; and see how it is held fast to the front part of his lower jaw, so that the point lies back, toward his throat.

"Now you see how he can

dart it out quick, and catch a fly on the wing.

"Frogs have their tongues fastened in the same way."

"How do you know?" asked the girl.

"Because I have watched them and seen them do it."

As he spoke, the toad's warty hide grew very moist, and John felt his hands growing moist too.

"There, now," said his sister. "What did I tell you?

"Now look out for warts."

John wiped his hands on his coat; but he did not drop the toad.

If this boy and girl had looked close, they would have found a small pad on the toad's head.

Under each little pad is a mite of a sac filled with the wet stuff that the toad sheds from its skin.

"Oh, do throw him away," said Lucy.

"No, I will not," replied

her brother. "I need him to help me in the garden."

"To help you," cried his sister. "To help you do what? Toads can not work."

"Every thing works, in its own way," said the boy; "and toads have to work for their living as well as other folks."

"Folks!" said Lucy, "toads are not folks."

"Well, he must have a living, anyway," answered John.

"I do not like flies and bugs and all such things; but he does; and he shall have all he wants."

Lucy turned away.

"I do not like him," she said.

"You will like him better, by and by, when he gets his new coat," said her brother.

"A new coat! Pray, who will buy it for him," asked the girl.

"He will get it for him-

her brother. "I need him to help me in the garden."

"To help you," cried his sister. "To help you do what? Toads can not work."

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"A new coat! Pray, who will buy it for him," asked the girl.

"He will get it for him-

self," answered John; "in fact, he has it already."

"Where is it?" asked his sister.

"Oh, you can not see it; he has it buttoned up close, under his old one." And John laughed at his sister's look of surprise.

Lucy felt a little cross at this reply.

"I should think you might tell me about his new coat," said she.

"If you help me watch

him for a few days, you can see it, for yourself," said her brother.

And sure enough; the children did watch him, and in a day or two, they saw the old coat crack and split; and when he pulled it off, there was a fine, shiny coat under it!

So, little boy and girl, if you will take pains to watch the toads that hop about your garden walks, you may chance to see some

of them change their coats too.*

---

*See "A Family Jar." Book III. "Leaves from Nature's Story-Book."



FROG.



awaken behold a-nem-o-ne
rejoice queenly fairest

THE WIND FLOWER.

"Awake, oh awake!" cries a
low, tender voice
To the fair, forest blos-
soms all sleeping so
sound;

"Awaken, awaken, arise
and rejoice
That the spring-time has
come." Then behold,
from the ground
Rises up in reply to the
Wind's gentle call,
The queenly A-nem-o-ne,—
fairest of all.





	maker	very
	weave	cruel
	eight	craft
hunchback	threads	claim
humpback	snare	share
guess	loom	catch
search	walk	harm

THE LACE MAKER.

What a fine bit of lace!

The hands must have been very small that made such fine lace as that.

It was not made with hands.

Then some one wove it in a loom.

You will have to guess again.

Do you give it up?

Well, then I will tell you.

It took eight little feet to spin and weave that mat.

Look at it again.

Do you see the fine silk threads?

What is this mat for?

Ah, now I see.

It is not a mat at all.

It is a snare to catch flies.

Here is a little fly now.

It tried to walk over the threads; and its feet are held fast in the lace.

I can see the one that wove the snare, too.

There she stands on the mat, with her feet on the threads that run out to the sides.

Yes, that lace snare is her house.

But she does not stay there all the time.

Does she go away to call on her friends?

No, she goes in search of food.

But she does not kill her prey at once.

She stings them, and then drags them away, where she can suck their blood.

How sly she looks. I do not like her.

Count her legs, and you will see that she has eight.

Count her eyes, and you will see eight eyes, too.

She has need of them all.

It is said of her that she plies a cruel craft.

Do you know what that means?

It means the way in which she traps the flies.

But it is her trade; if she did not eat, she would die.

Look at her head.

It sets close to her back.

She has no neck; we call her a hunchback.

That is a long word; it means hump back.

What a stiff, black dress she wears.

It fits her round hunch-back.

I do not like her; but I will not harm her.

We will leave her there on the pane.

If her web gets torn she can mend it again, with a fine thread that she spins from the end of her body.

She has no time for play; she likes to work.

But ah, a cruel craft you ply, my friend,
Since many luckless flies have here, an end;
Yet not through you alone, comes their sad doom,
For those you chance to spare, fall 'neath my broom!



FLOWER NAMES.

(An Arbor Day Exercise.)

FAIRY BELL.

First little girl.

My Fairy Bell has asked
her friends to dine with
her to-day;
And if you listen you will
hear what each one has
to say.

ROSA.

Second little girl.

My name is Rosa, and I
dwell within the gar-
den fair,
Where bees and birds and
butterflies flit round
me everywhere.

LILY.

Third little girl.

They call me Lily; for my
head is made to bow,—
just so;
And like the lily I am clad
in robes as white as
snow.

PANSY.

Fourth little girl.

A saucy Pansy, I came
forth among the flowers
of May,
And smiling stand, to greet
you all, on this bright
Arbor Day.

BUTTERCUP.

Fifth little girl.

They call me little Butter-
cup, a pretty name, and
true;
So in my yellow satin
gown, I make my bow
to you.

DAISY.

Sixth little girl.

A modest Daisy, wild and shy, before you here I stand,
In homespun gown that never fades, I bloom o'er all the land.

VIOLA.

Seventh little girl.

A blue-eyed Violet am I, in shady woods I roam,
And better far than garden gay, I love my leafy home.

BOUNCING BET.

Eighth little girl.

I'm not a puny baby-doll,
as one can plainly tell;
They call me happy,
Bouncing Bet, a name
that fits me well.

MYRTLE.

Ninth little girl.

The Myrtle decks her trail-
ing vines with flowers
of tender hue;
And this fair blossom's
name I bear because
my eyes are blue.

MOTHERWORT.

Tenth little girl.

I'm but a plain and homely
doll, with purple sash
and skirt,
And so old-fashioned in my
ways, they call me
Motherwort;
And now, dear friends, we
one and all make our
best bow, and say
We truly hope to meet you
here on our next Arbor
Day.

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